

[Fast Ride]

(Wayne Walden, 94410)

Informant, Fred Roys, 113, 7th Ave. N.Y. City.

October 5, 1938

[Subject - [Baggard House?] A Fast Ride?]

On a previous occasion I had heard [?] "Big Fred " tell something of a whopper relative to the north-west woods. [?] A few evenings ago I again came across him as he stood conversing with some cronies. But now the talk was of this modern age, and particulary of its speed. Finally I heard this, which may or may not be a tall tale, but it does tax one's credulity. [?]

*1

Big Fred speaking- something of a drawl. -

"Talkin' bout speed, Id I I'd liked to had some of you guys with me a couple of months ago. I don't know what kind of a car it was, but it sure could go. The fellow driving the car was a Jap, and there was only me and him in it. We left town here and was out fifty miles in less than an hour. That was makin' pretty good time I thought, but when we got out where the traffic thinned down, the Jap steps on it. He had the radio going to kind of occupy our minds as we went along, and every so often he had to slow down to let the waves catch up. [""?]"But , " put in an incredulous member of the group," [but?] do you know that radio waves travel thousands of miles a second, way up in the thousands?" "Well , we must of been beatin' that," said Fred, "cause we couldnt couldn't get the drift of what the program was 'cept by slowing down once in a while." [???*1] ***** [*****?]

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[???] [*****?] [*****?] ADDED — BY THE INTERVIEWER,
MR. WALDEN:

(The following is true, but is merely a vivid memory of long ago and far away. If “valueless” to the folk stuff, I shall not be offended.)

*2

Years ago, in the mountains of Colorado, lived an old veterinarian whose name was “Doc” Squires. He was something of a local character, and characteristic of him were some of the oddest word formations that I have ever heard. Given to raillery, the old man upon an occasion when cigarettes were being discussed, said: “I cannot see why boys will go on smoking those founounded cigaroots when they know that it is conjurious to their institutions—why it's utterly rickydoodulous.” [???*2]

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Then too, there was old Jack Stewart, a tall, lanky and [grizzad?] prospector; whom I remember as quite a character of those same parts. Relating an experience he had, when suddenly confronted with a bear, he said:

“I was coming down the trail when all of a sudden I see this here bar standing on his hind feet lookin' at me. The only thing I could do was to hit for the nearest tree I could find. The nearest tree was a scrubby little pinion, but I lit out for it and climmed it. But when I'd climmed it as far as I could go, I looked down and seen that my feet was still on the ground.” What happened to the “bar” I never learned, or have forgotten. (Climmed, for climbed, is not an error.) [?] [37 10 456?]